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Northern Messenger

EW Bronscombe

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By Dog Train in the North.

OUR KOMATIK AND ITS TEAM.

A DIFFICULT PIECE TO NEGOTIATE.

Nothing like a cool subject on a hot day, so what time is more appropriate than this for a look at the winter work on the Labrador field? The launch 'Northern Messenger,' whose summer work is so well known to our readers, has during the past two years had a winter substitute ready to carry on the work of the hospital with the smallest delay possible, and with the launch put into winter quarters the komatik, 'Winter Messenger,' has been put into commission as soon as there is sufficient snow on which to run it.

'There is no doubt that Job had a trying time of it, but if he had had to drive a team of dogs for very long, his record might have been different,' says Dr. Hare in a recent letter, and the Dr. certainly speaks from experience. The accompanying photographs which he sends to substantiate his words show certainly anything but an easy method of travelling, yet this is the only means of conveyance that the north coast affords at present in winter. These photographs are of especial interest as they show the 'Winter Messenger' itself in operation, a sturdy well built sled, still in full fettle after the strain of two hard winters' work, over the northern coast lines and general routes of travel.

Some idea of what 'routes of travel' may mean in Labrador is gained from a glance at these photographs taken by Dr. Hare early in the work of the past winter, and, as they are studied, something suspiciously like admiration grows up for the staunch little sled that has accomplished a third season's work over such roadways, or lack of them, as Labrador affords.

The long box, lashed to the sled proper, bears on its side the name of the komatik 'Winter Messenger,' a name of good cheer along those northern ways, for it is the messenger of hope bearing the doctor's supplies in cases of sickness, and of comfort also, bearing food and clothing wherever these may be needed in the long hard winter. For five months and a half the komatik will be in commission so that, for well on to half a year, the team of dogs will be earning by good hard work the long holiday that comes to them with the coming of summer. Not that the dogs are anxious to be off duty; they seem to heartily enjoy a good run and with plenty of food, good shelter, and a careful master, we may be sure that the particular team in which we are interested has no cause to regret the coming of the winter, and their long service.

Dr. Hare, as one of these photographs shows, has a difficult problem to tackle when necessity calls a halt, and the dogs get a chance to tangle their traces. The length of these is necessary when the team is on the run, but it constitutes a continual menace during stops

UP AND OVER.

A LONG PULL.

Then, too, when the driver appears and his lively team greets him with the full abandon of happy, healthy doghood, it is not the question of being overwhelmed with so much affection that troubles him—but what about those terrible traces? Nor does the tangling of the

OVER A DRIFT ON A HURRY CALL.

traces present the only difficulty in keeping them intact. The huskie likes nothing so well as a good meal and nothing so ill as an empty stomach, and if nothing better presents itself in a moment of hunger, he is not averse to making some sort of a meal out of his traces. To prevent any risk of trying the huskie's patience where his meals are concern-

A STOP AND A TANGLE.

ed 'caches' of food are made all along the routes of travel, cornmeal and dried herrings being stored in these in plenty.

Long life to our komatik and long life to Dr. Hare! He concludes his letter with grateful thanks to all who have assisted in this work in the past, but we on our part are rather grateful to him for giving us a share in the work he is doing and for so often remembering us on his rounds.

We are glad to be able to report that we have forwarded to the treasurer of the Montreal Labrador Medical Mission the sum of fifty dollars and sixty cents, the amount subscribed during the past months for the support of the 'Winter Messenger,' but regret that the sum should not have been larger.

Church-going by Children.

The Rev. Dr. Hillis, of Brooklyn, has been doing good service by sharply calling attention to a lack of parental authority in the matter of the church-going habits of children. He justly condemns the practice of letting children of even eight or nine years of age decide as to whether they shall go to church or not. Parents are altogether too indifferent in this matter, especially in cities, and it is a subject which the pulpit can well treat with vigor.

In this connection it might be said that the Sabbath-school is a splendid supplement to church attendance, but a poor substitute for it. In this age of specialization, many look upon the Sabbath-school as the children's church. This is a grave mistake.

The Sabbath-school has information for its keynote, not worship. Its stirring activity, its friendly bustle, its conversational and familiar atmosphere lack the quality of reverence, which is the very first essential of public worship. The best Sabbath-school for a child, if there can be but one, is a seat in the family pew beside its parents, at the ordinary service of the church.

The argument that children acquire an aversion to the church by being forced to 'go to meeting' by their parents is ridiculous. Children are 'forced' by their parents to do all sorts of things, such as eating good food and abstaining from that which is harmful, attending school and going to bed. It is not apparent that they thereby acquire a rooted aversion to wholesome food, to sleep or to education. Nor is it a matter of observation that children who are trained up by their parents to go to church are the people who, when they come to adult years, constitute the absentee class from church attendance and services. The argument is simply one of those ingenious and plausible little fictions invented by that very rabid opponent of church services, the father of lies.—'Church Economist.'

Religious News.

The Rev. J. L. Fowle, of Cesarea, tells of a rather surprising form which the 'Liberty Spirit' in Turkey has taken of manifesting itself:

We have had a temperance campaign right here in Cesarea this past fall, and it has gathered glorious headway. Soon after the proclamation of 'liberty' last summer, the people began to hold meetings, at which, amid much sophomoric spouting, there was often considerable sense. Near the close of one of these meetings a priest said he had something to propose, but as the hour was late he would defer it until the next week. When some one called out for him to go ahead now he said that he and his family had determined to stop using intoxicants or offering them to others, and that he wanted to propose next week that others join him in this pledge. Immediately one of the leading men called out, 'I am with you'; others cried, 'So am I,' 'So am I.'

The American College for Girls in Constantinople last month celebrated an anniversary with an address in faultless English from a Turkish lady, Madam Halideh Salih, a graduate of the college in the class of 1901 and the wife of a prominent Turkish gentleman. Since the revolution in Turkey last year, giving freedom to the press, she has become one of the most popular writers for the newspapers. She is a regular contributor for five journals. Two plays of Shakespeare which she has translated into Turkish are to be presented in the new theatre at Constantinople. This is a noteworthy instance of the work this institution has been doing for the nations of the Near East.

Seventy-five years ago three missionaries of the American Board settled in Natal, if the setting up of their tents under a huge 'umtombe' tree could be called a settlement. There they remained for months, literally disputing the possession of their camping-ground with serpents and lions and other wild beasts. They were not welcome; far from it. The people did something more than frown upon them, and their threats were not idle. The spirit of these Zulus in the early days is shown by a speech made by the leader of a band who came to the Rev. Lewis Grout, saying: 'Teacher, white man! We black people do not like the news which you bring us. We are black, and we like to live in darkness and sin. You trouble us; you oppose our customs; you induce our children to abandon our practices; you break up our kraals and eat up our cattle; you will be the ruin of our tribe. And now we tell you to-day, if you do not cease we will leave you and all this region, and go where the Gospel is not known or heard.' But the brave missionaries, men and women, would not leave those who did not want them. They knew how much they were needed. It was ten years before the first convert was won, and other converts were added slowly.'

But to-day the stations number 12, outstations 22, missionaries 29, native laborers 58, communicants 5,374, schools 72, pupils 4,756, and the native contributions for a year $9,375.

Acknowledgments.

LABRADOR FUND.

Received for the launch:—One who wishes to help, $1.00; Union Band of Hope, Round Hill, N.S., $5.00; D. B. J., S. M., N.B., $1.00; Rockside Sunday School, Brookholm, $3.00; Mrs. H. T. Campbell, St. John, N.B., $5.00; John Allan, Kinnear's Mills, P.Que., $5.00; Gordon MacGregor, Colbourne, Ont., 25cts.; 'Two Tenth Givers,' Hurondale, Ont., $25.00; Total.. .. .. .

Sunday School

LESSON,—SUNDAY, AUGUST 1, 1909.

Close of Paul's Second Missionary Journey.

Acts xviii., 1-22. Memory verses 9, 10.

Golden Text.

In the world ye shall have tribulation: but be of good cheer; I have overcome the world. John xvi., 33.

Home Readings.

Monday, July 26.—Acts xviii., 1-11.
Tuesday, July xviii., 12-22.
Wednesday, July 28.—I. Cor. ix., 13-23.
Thursday, July 29.—II. Cor. xii., 10-19.
Friday, July 30.—I. Cor. iv., 1-16.
Saturday, July 31.—Jer. i., 7-19.
Sunday, August 1.—John xvi., 25-33.

FOR THE JUNIOR CLASSES.

What men they were to work those first missionaries who went to tell the news of God's love and Christ's coming. Here in this very chapter we have been reading is the story of how Paul worked in Corinth. Have you read it carefully, and can you tell whose house he stayed at, and how the master of the house earned his living. Every Jewish boy had to learn a trade no matter how rich his father was, and Paul had been taught to make tents, and when he found that Aquila and his wife made and sold tents he worked for them and lived with them. It was not easy work and there was not always enough of it, and he was hungry and poor, and the people jeered at him and pushed him out of their way roughly when he tried to talk to them. But he did not give up. He worked all week and on the Sabbath went to the Synagogue and tried to teach the Jews. He did not succeed, for they would not believe, and at last he turned away from them and went out to the Gentiles. God helped him and told him not to be afraid but speak out, and many believed and became followers of Christ. For a whole year and half of another he stayed until they were sure they understood. And all that time he worked hard with his hands as well as his head and heart, and he did not stop because he was ill or because he felt blue. His work was not hateful to him, for he did it with all his might, and work you put your whole heart into is the best kind of pleasure. There is no more certain way of having a good time than by working with all your might at the things you know Jesus would have you do.

FOR THE SENIORS.

From Athens, the centre of learning, literature, and art, to Corinth, the centre of government, commerce, and business. Paul followed the leading of the Spirit. The poor Jewish tentmaker unable to earn enough to keep him from hunger, and the eloquent cultured bearer of a great message, he was unwelcome in either capacity. The great city was full of its own doings. People came from all over the world to enjoy its wonderful climate; young men gathered to its famous Isthmian games, and older men clustered round the government offices where riches could be gained by dishonesty and oppression. Everywhere vice and profligacy held high revels with a shamelessness consecrated by the rites of their false gods. But Corinth gave him what was better than a welcome, it gave him a great opportunity. The Jewish law that every boy be taught a trade had made of Paul a tentmaker, and he found work and shelter with Aquila, a Jew lately come from Italy, and his clever wife Priscilla. While he was still working and preaching to the Jews, Silas and Timotheus came from Macedonia. They had been left at Berea when Paul was compelled to leave (Acts xvii., 13-15). Timothy had been sent to Thessalonica (I. Thes. iii., 6), and from Philippans iv., 15 we judge he had visited Philippi also. Paul was cheered by their presence and Timothy brought him glad tidings of the faith and love of these churches as well as substantial gifts. He had been depressed in spirit, weak, sick, discouraged, 'in weakness and in fear and in much trembling' (I. Cor. ii., 3). In II. Cor. xi., 9, he speaks of being in 'want.' His rough experience at Philippi, his small success at Athens, his being driven from place to place, his loneliness without his accustomed helpers, the intense worldliness of Corinth and the slow success there at first, and the bitterness of the Jews against him, all tended to depress and weaken him. The coming of his friends, their aid, the good news they brought, enabled Paul to be 'wholly possessed by and engrossed in the word.' He entered upon his preaching with new zeal and earnestness. The result was that the Jews (verse 6) opposed themselves, and blasphemed. That was a sign that the gospel was becoming a power in the community. But it was wise to leave that part of his work. Still he made one more effort to save them. He shook his raiment so that no dust of the synagogue should cling to him, according to the command of Christ, 'Shake off the very dust from your feet for a testimony against them.' This was not an act of anger, as some say, but of warning, 'exasperating' indeed, but in order to break through the crust of prejudice and let the truth reach their hearts. Henceforth, so long as he remained in Corinth. 'I will go unto the Gentiles.' Another result was that (verse 8) Crispus, the chief ruler of the synagogue, became a Christian, together with his household; besides a number of the Corinthians who were not Jews.

Verses 7-22.—Paul's next Preaching Place was in the house of a man named (verse 7) Justus, one that worshipped God, a Gentile believer in the one true God, but not a Jew, whose house joined hard to the synagogue. Here would be a perpetual invitation to the Jews, while at the same time the Gentiles would feel welcome to go there. Then spake the Lord (Jesus) to Paul in the night by a vision, as at other crises of his life (Acts xvi., 9; xxii., 17; xxvii., 23). As we have seen this was one of the most trying crises of Paul's life. Sick in body, striving against the bitterest organized opposition, looking in the face of difficulties like black mountains in a dark night, Paul needed a fresh, clear, undoubted revelation of God's will and God's presence.

Hold not thy peace. Keep right on, for you are right, you are doing my work.

10. For I am with thee. 'One with God is a majority.'

Paul could not be harmed till his work was done. So a great man once said, 'I am immortal till my work is finished.' 'Paul had the pleasure of changing impure and sinful souls into pure brides, whom he conducted to Christ, and to some of whom he could afterward say, "Ye were thieves, covetous, drunkards, revilers, extortioners; but ye are washed, sanctified, justified in the name of the Lord Jesus, and by the Spirit of our God"' (I. Cor. vi., 9-11).

A year and six months was probably the whole period of his ministry at Corinth; but during that time a strong, important church was built up, and Paul wrote his two letters to the Thessalonians.

The Lesson of Paul's Mood. We have in this great champion of the faith, in this strong runner of the Christian race, in this chief of men, an example of the fluctuation of mood, the variation in the way in which we look at our duties and our obligations, and our difficulties, the slackening of the impulse which dominates our lives, that is too familiar to us all. It brings Paul nearer to feel that he, too, knew these ups and downs. It is the prerogative of God to be immutable, men have their moods and their fluctuations. Kindled lights flicker, the sun burns steadily. An Elijah to-day beards Ahab and Jezebel and all their priests, and to-morrow hides his head and says, 'Take me away, I am not better than my fathers.' There will be ups and downs in the Christian vigor of our lives, as well as in all other religions, as long as men dwell in this material body and are surrounded by their present circumstances.

* * * *

But Christianity has for one of its objects to help us to master our moods, and to bring us nearer and nearer, by continual growth, to the steadfast, unmovable attitude of those whose faith is ever the same.—Alexander Maclaren, in 'The Victor's Crowns.'

Junior C. E. Topic.

Sunday, August 1.—Topic—The greatest thing in the world. I. Cor. xiii., 1-13. (Consecration meeting.)

C. E. Topic.

Monday, July 26.—The need of the Spirit. Acts i., 1-8.

Tuesday, July 27.—Turning to God. Acts ii., 37-42.

Wednesday, July 28.—God is not mocked. Acts v., 1-11.

Thursday, July 29.—Spread of the seed. Acts viii., 1-8, 34-40.

Friday, July 30.—A chosen vessel. Acts ix., 10-19.

Saturday, July 31.—An epoch-making speech. Acts xvii., 22-31.

Sunday, August 1.—Topic—Life lessons for me from the book of Acts. Acts xxvii., 18-44. (Consecration meeting.)

Meeting the Scholar's Doubts

Sunday-school teachers are not infrequently pained and bewildered with the problems they present for solution. In the lesson on God's care of Elijah, when told that Elijah went to heaven in, or accompanied by, a chariot of fire, a boy of twelve said, 'That is like the stories in my "Greek Heroes"; but we don't have to believe it,—do we?' When he was assured that this was a Bible story, and that we could believe it, he sat for a moment with parted lips, looking at his teacher, and then said, with a deep-drawn sigh, 'I don't, anyhow.' 'John,' said the discomfited teacher, 'God is God, and he can do anything.' 'Yes, but He don't,' was the unabashed reply. Then a dear fellow, who could believe just because he had been taught to do so, came to the rescue with the reproof, 'John ought not to talk so, because this is in the Bible.' But the teacher honored John's lack of faith, as the Lord Jesus did the doubting Thomas's; for John was not caviling,—he was thinking, inquiring, growing.

Had the teacher been an electrician, he might have invited the boys to witness some electrical phenomena in which horses of fire would have been prominent performers. Being only a plain person, with little spare time, and less knowledge of things unseen, he said:

'John, who invented the lightning rod?'

'Franklin.'

'What is it runs down the rod?'

'Electricity.'

'Let me quote you a verse:

'"'Twas Franklin's hand that caught the horse,
He was harnessed by Professor Morse,
And then, to make old Ocean yield,
They gave the rein to Cyrus Field."

Now what was the "horse" mentioned?'

'Electricity,' said John. 'Do you think it was electricity that took Elijah to heaven?'

'I think,' said the teacher, 'it was some power that God knew how to use. God, who made all these forces which we do not understand, has power to use them as he pleases, and I think we are always safe in beneving what God tells us.'

Later there came the lesson of 'Elisha at Dothan,' and the 'horses and chariots' again. This time there was no 'I don't believe.' The boy's mind was ready to picture the grandeur of the scene. He did not battle with doubt. His face lit up with worshipful wonder as the panorama passed before his mind.

Then, in the application, when the class was shown how temptations encircle them every morning as they go out, but how God's hosts encamp within and nearer still to aid than the enemy to destroy, John said, 'Then we ought to pray in the morning, when we get up, instead of at night,—oughtn't we?'

By repeatedly listening to John's doubts, and respecting them, he has been gradually taught to rise above them, and he is finding it possible to do what we all crave to do,—believe our God, and trust He will open our eyes to see wondrous things out of his law.—Sunday School 'Times.'

Correspondence

ROYAL LEAGUE OF KINDNESS.

I pledge myself
To speak kindly to others,
To speak kindly of others,
To think kind thoughts,
To do kind deeds.

Anyone may become a member of the R. L. of K. by copying out the above pledge, signing and sending it to the editor.

PLEDGE CARDS.—For those who wish to have them, we issue neat and durable pledge cards, 4 inches by 6, printed in purple and white, and ready to hang on the wall. Single cards, five cents and two cents for postage; six cards to one address, twenty-five cents and two cents for postage.

BADGES.—We also issue for sale with the pledge card, if desired, a neat brooch pin of fine hard enamel, in the above design of a bow in our own league colors, purple and white. Single badge with pledge card, and postage included, twenty-five cents; five badges with pledge cards and postage included to one address, one dollar.

Mark all orders on both envelope and letter with the three letters R.L.K.

We have to welcome three new members this week, A. M. Estelle Bruce, C., N.B.; Wm. Cornwall, W., Ont., and A. Scott Gerald, P., Ont. This last member we are especially proud to have join us, because he is one of those finest of people, an old man with a young heart. He is one of the Sons of Temperance, a charter member of Odd Fellows, No. 80 Lodge, and has served his country for forty years in the Customs service. More than that, he has truly served the Greatest of all Masters, and looks back on a life that has been used for the good of others. Now he wants to join our ranks and we are more than glad to have among us so true and tried a comrade.

Toronto.

Dear Editor,—In our Sunday School they offer rewards of hymn books and Bibles to those who will repeat the Shorter Catechism correctly. I received a pretty hymn book bound in red leather and a Bible bound in black leather. There were about twenty scholars who received this prize. The Sunday we received them we were all called forward and lined up in front of the school. The superintendent then called out our names and presented our rewards.

BEATRICE HOFFMAN.

E. T., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I am a little boy seven years old. I never went to school but mother teaches me at home, as I have too far to walk to school. My father was a steam driller in the mines and he got killed last June in the Mica mine near Berkins Mills. I miss him very much. I am the eldest of the family and I have two brothers and two sisters.

HARRY S. SCULLION.

B., Ont.

Dear Editor,—I have been ill ever since last August and am not altogether better yet, although I am improving a lot this last while back. Mamma and my little baby sister, Anita, and I, were away up in Muskoka District and stopped at Emsdale, a main town on the Grand Trunk railway a little this side of North Bay. We left Cobourg at five minutes to seven in the morning and got up about four o'clock in the afternoon. We were not able to see much going up, as it rained all the way there. We stayed two weeks at my grandma's, and at the end of that time I was able to walk for the first time in ten months. Emsdale is a very pretty town. Quite a large lumbering business is done and a lot of other business places are there, that I could not tell you very much about. There are some immense rocks, some are flat and some of them are three or four times the height of a man, but for all that considerable farming is done around Emsdale. We visited two towns, Burk Falls, which is a grand summer resort on account of the pleasant scenery and the great view of the falls, and Scotia Junction where people change from the Grand Trunk railway to the Canadian Northern railwy. We left for home on the 27th of May, had a grand view of the Muskoka Lakes, and we crossed over the Severn River and a lot of other places that would take too much space to write about. We changed at Orillia, one of the largest towns in the North, and also at Black Water Junction, and Port Hope, and arrived at Cobourg pretty well tired out after travelling twelve hours. The conductors were very kind to me; they carried me off one train and on to another. But I was able to get on and off the trains myself coming back. I have gained fifteen pounds since I came back.

GLADYS GILLELAND.

[That's splendid, Gladys, and we hope you'll keep it up for a while. Yours is a good letter. Ed.]

O., Alberta.

Dear Editor,—As my sister was joining your Royal League of Kindness I thought I would too. I have seen many interesting letters, and I like the drawings. We have taken the 'Messenger' for about a year and like it well. We live in the district of Panima, four and one-half miles from the town of O. We came from Worcestershire in England nearly four years ago on the 'Victorian.' We were nearly all seasick, but when we were well, we had a very pleasant journey. We used to skip and swing, and one night we had an entertainment. Some of the people were very sick and one little boy died. We were all examined by the doctor to see if we had anything catching. The worst part of our journey was in the train. At one place we had to get on the train at 2 o'clock in the night. Mamma put some rugs down on the floor in the waiting-room and we went to sleep till then. When we went to the train it was all crowded and we had to get into a first class carriage where there were no beds. We had to go to sleep as well as we could sitting up, which was not very comfortable. Our luggage was knocked about badly while travelling. Mamma had some old-fashioned china teacups and other things given her at her wedding, which she packed carefully, but they were badly smashed when they got here.

GLADYS MAY HEMUS (aged 12.)

R., N.B.

Dear Editor,—This is my first letter to the 'Messenger.' I like it very much and am sending in my renewal for another year. I go to school and am in the third reader, but our teacher says that I am about ready for the fourth. My teacher is sick and we haven't any school now. I am very sorry, because I like to go to school so well. I am the youngest of the family. One paper I got had in it a letter that a little French boy had written. I think he is very smart. I do not know any French language.

NELLIE M. NOBLE.

D., N.S.

Dear Editor,—We have to write a composition on the Robin, Friday. We had an essay on 'The Advantages and Disadvantages of Politeness and Boorishness.' Scarletina is around here now, but only one took it, and she is better. We are going to have the sawmill open to-morrow. Our house is situated on a little hill sloping towards the river. We have a wooden bridge across the river. It is pretty here in summer. The intervales are like a green velvet carpet. We have over eleven hundred trees in our orchard. Five years ago our house was burned to the ground. We saved quite a lot. I would like to join the Royal League of Kindness. Here are some riddles:—1. What part of an engine has to have the most care? 2. When is a newspaper like a delicate child? 3. Why is the Fourth of July like an oyster stew?

JESSIE L. HAMBLEN.

OUR PICTURES.

1. 'A Flag.' Ella Graham (age 7), H., Ont.
2. 'House.' Annie McQue (age 8), S., Ont.
3. 'Arriving.' Francis Theodore Fraser (age 15), Montreal.
4. 'House.' Pearl Alder (age 10), S., Ont.
5. 'Mug.' Marian Farrow (age 7), Sask.'
6. 'Warship.' Frank Ebbett, M., Alta.
7. 'Barn and Dwelling.' Maggie Acton, S., Ont.
8. 'In the Hammock.' Laura Cook (age 5), L. P., Ont.

OTHER LETTERS.

Annie Bella Weeden, S. M., Ont., has 'two grandfathers and two grandmothers, one having been married fifty-three years.'

Ada Poapst, N.S., Ont., sends riddles, but they have been asked before.

A number of riddles that have also been asked before, were sent in anonymously from Ormond, Ont.

Sarah Epy, C., Ont., finds it 'much more appropriate driving than walking, as we are having obnoxious weather.' Dear me, what big words for a little fourteen-year-old, Sarah.

Lizzie Semple, C., Ont., says her home 'is a very pretty village situated on Lake Nippising.'

Bertie Brown, M. G., West Indies, is eight years old and 'I am now going to school. We will soon have holidays.'

Little letters also came from Violet C. McQueen, B., Ont.; Jean Coventry, R., Ont., and Helen Gerrie, R., Ont.

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BOYS AND GIRLS

The Clock on the Stairs.

(Henry Taylor Gray, in the 'Christian Intelligencer.')

The clock on the stairs stands ticking away
The minutes e'er steadily on,
It measures the time, as day after day
The hours follow those that have gone.

Its face keeps the same while minutes go fast
The hands ever showing the time,
It ne'er can recall the hours that have passed
With the ever repeating sweet chime.

It ticks all the day and all through the night
While we are all sound asleep,
It marks off the time in its tireless flight
And bids us a watch ever keep.

A watch that no moment of time we should waste,
But our work most faithfully do,
Like the clock on the stairs we never should haste
But carefully carry it through.

Accomplishing something, performing each task
With a steadfastness unto the end.
With conscience within, no assistance to ask,
But a helpfulness ever to lend.

Like the clock on the stairs with an object in view,
Our everyday comrades to guide
In the way that is old, yet every day new,
Like the ebb and the flow of the tide.

The clock on the stairs like a sentinel stands
Watching out as the hours go by,
The pendulum swings, the slow-moving hands
Mark the minutes as around they fly.

The quarters and halves, with musical chime
Tell us each that onward time rolls,
And the seconds tick out the flight of the time
Till the bell, cathedral toned tolls.

Tolls the hour that's gone never more to return,
All its work and labor is done,
Let us from the tall clock a good lesson learn
And finish our tasks with the sun.

The Cub's Plum Pudding.

In the New York Zoological gardens there is a young Canadian black bear that has become very haughty of late. Part of his biography has just been published. It appears that when the bear was a cub he was a farm pet, was as domesticated as a dog and wandered untethered about the yard and all over the farm. The sort of a life he led and some of the stunts he did are entertainingly written in 'The Frolics of My Black Bear Cub,' by Mrs. E. H. Banes in the March 'St. Nicholas.' The article is illustrated by photographs which show also a tame prairie wolf and a deer, play-fellows and domesticated companions of the cub Jimmie. We quote one of the 'frolics':

Jimmy's favorite chum and play-fellow was Romulus, a young prairie wolf. The fact that they were such good friends was due largely to Jimmy's good nature, for certainly Romulus teased him in every possible way. Even in the matter of food, Jimmy was disposed to be generous, and he seldom resented the attempts of Romulus, or of Actaeon, the deer, to take from him his bread and apples. There was, however, one particular kind of food which he insisted on having his full share of, and that was plum pudding. He would eat it at any time of the day or night, whether he was hungry or not, and if there was any limit to the amount he would eat, no one ever discovered it. No matter how much was given to him he never seemed to consider the quantity sufficient, and if either of his play-fellows attempted to force him to divide with him, the result was a fight. Not that Jimmy was really vicious, but he gave his companions to understand that on the subject of plum pudding his opinion was law. One day, after romping in the snow all the morning, Jimmy presented himself at the kitchen window, and several slices of bread were passed out to him. The cub took them in his mouth, let them fall to the ground, and continued to peer into the room.

'I believe the little bear just wants a bit of something sweet,' said the housekeeper, and going into the pantry she soon reappeared with a saucepan containing a generous amount of plum pudding. Jimmy took the saucepan eagerly in his paws, and sitting up in the snow, proceeded to eat the contents as quickly as he could. Presently he heard an approaching footstep, and with an apprehensive look upon his face, drew his head from the saucepan and looked over his shoulder. It was Actaeon, who had heard the door open, and was hurrying around in order to get his share of anything that was going. But he was a little late, for Jimmy clasped the saucepan tightly to his breast, buried his nose in it, and began to mutter a series of warning 'No-no-no-nos,' which Actaeon had learned to respect. Seeing that he was 'out of it,' the deer uttered a plaintive 'ba-a-ah,' and walked away to nibble some browse. So absorbed was the cub that he did not notice the stealthy approach of the wolf, who circled around him several times, then sprang for the handle of the saucepan, and pulled it to the ground. Jimmy was evidently taken by surprise, but he held on to the rim of the pan with one paw, and planted the other paw firmly inside. During the struggle the pudding was scattered upon the snow, and Jimmy turned his attention to that, leaving Romulus to run off with the pan. The wolf, finding he was not pursued, dropped it, and returned to torment the cub. But Jimmy was ready for him this time, and clasping his stout paws about his tormenter's neck, bore him to the ground, and deliberately sat down upon his prostrate body. Of course the wolf kicked and squirmed, but this did not in the least disturb Jimmy, who, looking quite unconcerned, calmly finished his pudding.

A Bird That Sews.

Would you not like to see it doing it? But as that is impossible as you are in America and the little tailor in India, Africa, or Australia, the best I can do is to bring the pretty spectacle before your mind's eye.

Imagine, then, that you are in India, which, with the Indian Archipelago, is the home of the genus 'orthotomus,' or tailor bird.

You have retired to the grateful shade of a grove of strange foreign trees, figs, palms, and mangoes; all round you stretch fields of rice dotted with the white turbans of the husbandmen; the buzz of myriads of insects rises and falls like the waves of the sea washing a distant strand.

A succession of loud, not very sweet notes, breaks in on the monotone, and a little brown and black bird runs nimbly out of the long grass, and seeing you, stops to reconnoiter. He is not in the least shy, for his kind like best to haunt cultivated regions, and consequently are accustomed to man's presence. He cocks his bright eye inquiringly at you for a minute, then resumes his wonderfully smooth, quick run, tilting his long, slender tail over his back in a very comical manner.

Another halt, this time to inspect a lance-leaved plant. Snip! goes his sharp beak, and one of the leaves falls; he plants a claw on it and strips the midrib clean in a thrice.

Then off he flies, the vegetable string dangling from his beak, to an adjacent fig tree, where his mate is at work. She greets him with a cheerful note and snaps the fiber from his beak as if she had been waiting for it ever so long, but knew how to excuse the idle ways of such a beautiful bird as her lord.

And she resumes her labor, delighted to have him perch near by and encourage her by his warbling.

My lady has selected two leaves about nine inches in length, and growing from the tip of a slender bough; she is now actually sewing the edges together! Her beak is the needle, and the fibre brought by her mate is the thread. How deftly the polished spike drives tiny holes just far enough from the edge for strength, and draws the thread in and out, just tightly enough for elasticity!

When the green pouch is finished, both Lord and Lady Tailor Bird will hurry off and bring down of the whitest and silkiest, reft from yonder cotton fields and from countless nameless plants; gradually the pouch will fill up and plump out until it will not hold another beakful. Then my lady will hop in on top, and stamp down the fluff and pack it close with her breast, turning round and round till she has shaped a cavity commodious enough to hold her own small body and the eggs she immediately begins to lay.

And here is one of Nature's quiet riddles: How does she know the exact time when the nest must be ready for the first egg?

She never makes a mistake; as soon as the nest is ready for the egg, the egg is produced.

She knows, too, that she and her brood are safe from the monkeys and snakes which fain would make a meal of them as long as the nest is hung from the tip of a slender outer birch, for there is no support for them.

There are many species belonging to the genus 'orthotomus,' all having similar habits.

There is the pine-pine, which builds a gourd-shaped nest of vegetable fibers, having an entrance like a spout and several knobs below it for the male bird to perch on while the female is nesting.

The color of the pine-pine's nest depends on the materials used. Sometimes cotton down has been the only substance at hand, and then the nest is snow-white, and presents a beautiful appearance.

The pretty little emu wren of Australia, builds its nest on the ground. It resembles a big ball of grass with a hole in the side; it is lined with down, feathers, and moss felted together to a texture of exquisite softness.

Space fails me, or I could tell of more relations of the tailor bird which are just as adept sewers as he is.—'Good Cheer.'

The Little Girl Neighbor.

(John Mickerson, in the 'Home Herald.')

Three men gazed impatiently out of the window as the train drew into the station, and leaped to the platform before it stopped. They were equally prominent and engaged in equally weighty affairs. Also they were all church members and anxious in a general way to do what was right. It was late at night and the station was deserted, except for a tired looking little girl, who was sitting, wide eyed, in the corner, too tired to keep awake, too timid to allow herself to sleep. Two of the three pushed through the dingy waiting room, on to the platform and into their carriages and were whirled out into the dark. The third stopped and questioned the little one.

'I missed the train,' she said, 'and the man said another went to-morrow. I don't know what to do.'

The rear lights of the carriages of the first two men were just disappearing when the third carriage drove up. Only it had two occupants and they had held but one. The little one slept that night in the home of the third man and went on her journey in the morning, refreshed and encouraged and glad.

There were three men who rushed into the station that night and all of them were anxious in a general way to do the right thing.

But which, think you, was neighbor unto the little girl who had missed her train?

Cyke's Guardian.

(Charles C. Tracy, in the 'Christian World.')

Did it ever occur to you that college presidents could have a sense of humor, and foreign missionary college presidents most of all? The following letter from the Rev. C. C. Tracy, D.D., president of Anatolia College, Marsovan, Turkey, opens up a sunny window in that good man's character.

Dear Dr. Forbush,—We are troubled with a serious question—what to do with Cyke. The young folks will think it very strange when a man of threescore and ten comes to ask their advice. Nevertheless, after some weeks of perplexity, I have determined to resort to the boys and girls for counsel. Not to keep them mystified, I will explain.

My seventieth birthday came the thirty-first of last October. On that occasion, among many other kind and loving expressions, an

associate of near forty years presented me with a little kitten which, on account of the seventieth anniversary, was named Septuaginta, or 'Sep,' for short. It was a proper enough kitten for a while, though much of a baby, and vociferous for milk, in season and out of season. But, before the holidays arrived, Sep had begun to manifest such a reckless and wicked disposition that it caused us no little concern.

He would go up into our bedroom, get possession of a spool of thread, roll it over the floor, out of the door into the hall, unwinding it as it rolled, then the length of the hall, then down the stairs, taking care to pass it between and around the bannisters, roll it about the hall, around the leg of every table and chair, then take it in his mouth and carry it upstairs and repeat the same process of rolling it down and around everything, till the spool was exhausted, then go into the parlor, mount a rocking chair and pretend to go to sleep. Mrs. T., encountering the tangle in the hall, would call my attention to what my cat had done, and I would proceed to labor half an hour disengaging and rewinding the universal tangle.

On Christmas morning, the host of little gifts having been left on the sofa in the dining-room, we entered to find that Sep had torn the papers in pieces, scattered the gifts all over the room, carried some of them up among the flower pots in the window and some higher up, behind the curtain, handkerchiefs had been draggled about the floor, and—well, in short, it was a scene of chaos. In my wrath I said, 'Your name is no longer Septuaginta, but Cyclone,' and so it is—Cyke for short.

After such abominable conduct Cyke comes and crawls purring into our laps and licks our hands, as sweet as the saintliest of pussies, completely mollifying his indignant master and vexed mistress. Half an hour later he is going to the very top of the window like a flash, to catch a fly, tearing at the curtains and upsetting flower pots, breaking calla buds and leaves, and I don't know what. He has become unendurable; he is working destruction in the house; we cannot stand it much longer.

Now, young people, what shall we do with Cyke? He acts half of the time like a high-pressure boy and the other half like a darling little girl. He is so human that we dare not give him over to the executioner—we should be ever remembering how he purred and licked our hands. Living, we cannot bear his iniquitous conduct; if he were dead, his memory would reproach us. The astronomers keep discovering little bits of moons revolving around the planets. I have, of late, devoutly wished that Cyke was one of them, up there in the interstellar spaces, where he would get as much motion as he wants.

I have contemplated sending him over to our surgeon, Dr. Marden, and paying for a bottle of chloroform, but dear Mrs. Marden says he will tone down, by and by, and become agreeable.

I asked, 'Do you think Cyclone will ever become a zephyr?'

'Oh, yes,' she said, and immediately, with true womanly faith, began to call him Zeph. I am skeptical.

But, Septuaginta, Cyclone or Zephyr, he is just Cyke now. When there is a condition of things that can neither be cured nor endured, what 'is' to be done? Will some of the thoughtful boys or girls write to Dr. Forbush and give their advice as to what we shall do with Cyke? If it were a question of expediency only, I would not hesitate long, but it half seems as if it were mixed up with moral considerations. What becomes of cats' lives anyway? But here I shrink back, for at this point we enter upon the problems of the whole animal kingdom. They have hospitals for cats. Have they lunatic asylums? I wish I knew.

Jean's Algebra.

Jean unstrapped her books, and took pad and pencils from the closet.

'I'd like to be polite, Mr. Marshall," she said, laughing across at her father's old friend, who was spending two days with him, 'but I never dare to be polite till my algebra is done.'

'What makes you like it so much?' Mr. Marshall asked, smiling. 'Young ladies don't generally have much taste for algebra.'

'Like it!' Jean repeated vehemently; 'I despise it. That's why I do it first; if I gave myself the tiniest margin of excuse, I'd never get it done. And I may be stupid—I am stupid in it—but it sha'n't conquer my morals anyhow.'

'I see,' the guest replied, rising. 'Well, good luck to it—and you, Miss Jean. Perhaps you'll like it better after a while.'

'Never!' Jean returned emphatically.

A month later the three girls were looking at one another with dazed eyes. They must take care of mother, of course, but how? Corinne's music? Barbara's art? They had been studied only for accomplishments—they never had supposed that they would need them.

Then a letter came from Mr. Marshall, with the wonderful offer of a well-paid position for Jean.

'Jean!' Corinne cried; 'why, she's the youngest!'

'And never studied typewriting in her life!' Barbara chimed in.

'For Miss Jean,' Mrs. Randall read: 'A young lady who always tackles her hard things first in the determination that they shall not "conquer her morals" is the kind of young lady that we need fifty-two weeks in the year.'

'Who would have thought that a little thing like that—' Barbara said, brokenly.—Pittsburg 'Observer.'

'Another Mission.'

(W. T. Childs, in the 'Home Herald.')

A little messenger boy, dripping with perspiration and covered with dust, stepped up to the paying teller's window at one of the largest banks in the city, and said: 'Please, sir, give me nickels for this.'

The teller simply raised his eyes and pushed back the ten-dollar bill. The messenger boy thought he had not been heard and repeated his request.

'No!' snapped the paying teller.

The messenger boy was so frightened that he almost forgot his mission. He meekly picked up the ten-dollar bill from the counter and returned to his employer's office.

'Well, where are the nickels?' his employer asked.

'He wouldn't give them to me!' answered the boy.

In less time than it takes to tell, the employer heard the whole story. He was a very heavy depositor in the bank and also one of its directors, and he lost no time in making an investigation of the affair.

'I didn't think he needed the nickels,' the paying teller sought to excuse his action.

'Of course he did not,' answered the employer, 'but did it occur to you that he was on another's mission?'

The paying teller could say nothing. He acknowledged that he was inexcusably wrong. If the employer had not been such a magnanimous man he would have exerted his influence as a heavy depositor and director of the bank to punish the paying teller, but he was willing to forgive when the paying teller assured him that it would never occur again.

'Ah, young man,' said the employer, 'you should remember that the message is often greater than the messenger.

Kyoto's Trophy.

(Louis Ahmuty Nash, in the 'Sunday School Messenger.')

At the close of the Russo-Jap war, Kyoto lay in the hospital with a wounded leg.

'We can't save your leg!' said the surgeon. 'It must be taken off to save your life.'

Kyoto thought how he had been saved on the battle field, in Manchuria, and he touched a small pocket, that he had himself sewed on to his shirt.

'My life is worth more than a leg,' he considered, 'I can get on with one.'

So he gave in willingly to the loss.

Kyoto had been given one of the 'comfort bags' that Christian women had prepared for the soldiers. There was a little book in it, he remembered. Up to this time he had made good use of the pencil and paper, the needle and thread, pins and towel; but the book he had taken no notice of. He reached the bag down from the nail, and took the little book out. On the cover was a cross.

'Why, this is strange!' he thought. He began reading it at the beginning. It is all about a good man, who was nailed up to a cross, because he was so good;' and he wondered.

Next day, and the next, he went on reading.

'Well, these four stories are all about the same person, told in different words. They all end the same: his being nailed to a cross. That is why there is a cross on the cover of the book!'

Kyoto was puzzled, and when the missionary chaplain came to the hospital he said to him: 'I want to know some more about this, for it was a cross that saved my life on the battle-field.'

'How so?' enquired Mr. Barber.

'It was this way: I was lying wounded on the field, when the Russian soldiers were coming round to kill all of us that they found. One came to me, and I expected to die, next moment, at his hands. He emptied my pockets, and noticed this' (and Kyoto showed him a little silver cross, that was in his breast pocket.)

'Are you a Christian?' he asked.

'And to save my life, I said "yes!" and the Russian wrapped it up carefully again, put it back in my pocket, and left me. I was keeping it as a kind of trophy until I came home. It had belonged to a dead Russian, and a comrade gave it to me. Since reading this book, I have found out that it means something more than that.'

Mr. Barber explained all the cross of Christ means to the Christian. Kyoto believed and was baptized. Just lately he was confirmed by Bishop Fyson of Hokkaido.

The Bishop had noticed his lameness, and then he was told the story of the silver cross.

A wise man has well reminded us that, in any controversy, the instant we feel anger, we have already ceased striving for truth and have begun striving for ourselves.—Thomas Carlyle.

The Red-winged Black Bird.

(Donald Babcock, in 'Bird-Lore.')

Near the icy, bubbling springs
By the willow tree,
Boisterously the blackbird sings,—
'Oak-a-lee!'

Scarlet-shouldered, flashing out
Careless-hearted, free,
Suddenly he stops to shout
'Mar-go-lee!'

When the tide of spring up-flows
Helpless in his glee,
Inarticulate he grows,—
'Gurgle-ee!'

They Make no Mistakes.

Those who live by the coast do not want a better weather sign than the seagulls, which in the various winds that will bring the rain collect in big flocks and gather in the field or circle high over the land, wheeling and screaming uneasily, says the Brooklyn 'Times.' They will not come in on a false alarm, and none need fear they will make a mistake.

As long as frogs remain yellow in color nothing but fine weather may be expected. Should, however, their coats begin to assume a brown hue it is a sign that bad weather will shortly arrive. A good frog barometer may be made by keeping two of them in a large glass bowl filled with water and furnished with small wooden ladders. As long as the frogs keep at the bottom of the vessel sunny days will continue, but if they climb up to the top of the ladder there is a storm coming.

A spider spinning its web is a sign of fine days. If in the morning, a day's excursion may be taken without fear of summer costumes becoming spoiled by the wet; and if in the evening, then at least the whole of the night and the following morning will be fine.

If it is raining and the owl screeches, a change for the better in the weather will shortly ensue, but should the peacock screech, bad weather is to come or continue.

Snails are also valuable weather prophets. As long as they are to be seen jogging along in the orthodox manner fine weather may be

confidently looked forward to. If there is rain in the atmosphere the snails may be seen to seek shelter up the stems of trees and shrubs, under leaves and, in fact, anywhere where they can be safely out of the wet. Only when all immediate danger of a recurrence of rain is over will they emerge again.

'A Bit Like a Heron's Legs.'

(J. W. H. H., in 'Friendly Greetings.')

It was a clumsy sort of parable, not by any means the polished sort that an author would produce, but it was a good parable for all that. Moreover, it was Jim's own production.

Jim and his mate were watching the folks pouring into a hall where things were to be acted, and songs to be sung—of a sort. Jim's mate felt inclined to enter, but Jim himself hung back.

'I DON'T LIKE THE LOOK O' THEM PILLARS.'

'We've got plenty of brass,' said Jim's mate.

'Aye,' agreed Jim, jingling twopence in his trousers' pocket. He had silver higher up, in his waistcoat.

'Why not?' persisted Jim's mate.

'I don't like the look o' them pillars,' explained Jim—'them pillars in front that holds up the frontispiece o' the institution, so to speak.'

'What's wrong wi' 'em?' asked his mate, critically regarding the two lofty stone pillars that stood one on either side of the entrance.

'Seems to me,' said Jim mysteriously, 'they're a bit like heron's legs——'

'Heron's what?' roared his mate in derision.

'I'll tell you,' said Jim quietly. 'T'other day I were fishing i' the river, an' I saw a heron comin' down—a big bird wi' tremendous legs. He put his feet down into the water gingerly and carefully, so as not to disturb the little fishes as came swimmin' by. He'd stand full five minutes i' one place. Presently up comes an old fish, he sees the legs, he knows they aren't reeds nor rushes nor sich like, an' he darts back. Then up comes a little fish without experience; he thinks the heron's legs is just two great grey reeds, they stand so silent and still. Maybe he's noticed them there five minutes back. So he goes floatin' through. Then the heron's beak comes down like a guillotine, and—snap! The little fish finds it's all up wi' it, i' more senses than one, eh mate?'

Jim's mate laughed good-naturedly. 'So thou thinks we'll get bitten,' he asked, 'if we go through them pillars over there?'

'Likely as not,' said Jim. 'Anyway, we might see and hear things as would be hard to shake off. Let's play the part o' the old fish, mate, an' get away.'

Jim's mate was sufficiently impressed with the parable to readily agree.

BOYS

If you would like a nice rubber pad, with your own name and address, also a self-inking pad—all for a little work, drop us a card and we will tell you about it. Splendid for marking your books, etc. Address, John Dougall & Son, 'Witness' Office, Montreal.

Queer African Names.

When one hears a child's name in America one can almost immediately tell whether the child is a boy or a girl, but it is not so in Africa. No one can tell except by acquaintance to whom such names as Shilling, Sixpence, Penny, or Pound belong. One could hardly imagine that Donkey, In-the-way, Let-us-see, and Me could be names of children, but so goes the style in African nomenclature. With very little difficulty you might, perhaps, decide that England, Sunday, Waistcoat, Basket and Office are boys, and that Lea, Rose, Miriam and Ladywatch are girls. But even one learned in the art of naming children in Africa would be at a loss to pick out their owners by such names as In-the-sack, In-the-bush, Pine-town, To-tremble, and Watch-no-good. There are a few names common to both sexes, such as Charlie, Soap, and Table; and some are called by the very suggestive names, She-is-dead and We-die-for-Charlie. In Africa, at least, one may well echo Shakespeare and exclaim, 'What's in a name!'—'Missionary Review of the World.')

Told Around the Congo Fire.

How a Son tried to Outwit his Father.

(The Rev. John H. Weeks, in 'Wonderlands.')

This story seems to teach us that it is hopeless for a son to try to be as wise as his father.

One day a Son said to his Father: 'I will hide, and you will not be able to find me.' The Father replied: 'Hide where you like,' and then entered his house to rest.

The Son found a three-kernel peanut (often called monkey nuts), and changed himself into one of the kernels; a fowl, coming along, picked up the peanut and swallowed it; a wild bush-cat caught and ate the fowl; and a dog chased the bush-cat and ate it. After a little time the dog was swallowed by a large python, which, having eaten its meal, went to the river and was snared in a fish-trap.

The Father searched for his Son, and not seeing him went to look at his fish-trap. On pulling it to the river side he found a large python in it. He opened the python and saw a dog inside, in which he found a bush-cat and on opening that he discovered a fowl, from which he took a peanut, and breaking its shell there revealed his Son. And the Son was so dumbfounded that he never tried again to outwit his Father.

The Four Foolish Men.

A wizard out walking one day met a boy crying very bitterly. He asked him the reason of his tears, and the boy replied: 'I have lost my father's parrot, and if you can find it I will pay you well.'

The wizard called a hunter, a carpenter, and a thief, and told them about the loss and the promised reward. They decided to search for the parrot. 'Before starting, let us show our skill,' said one of the four. 'You, thief, go and steal an egg from that fowl without its knowledge.' The thief went and stole the egg, and the fowl did not move. The hunter put up the egg as a mark, went a long distance, and proved his skill by hitting the egg, after which the carpenter showed his skill by putting it together again.

They then turned to the wizard for him to give a proof of his cleverness. After a little time he said: 'The parrot has been stolen by the people on that vessel.' So all four entered their magic glass ship, and after a time caught up with the vessel. The thief went on board, and put them all to sleep by waving his charm. Then he laid the table and had a good feast, and when he had finished eating, he picked up the parrot and returned to his glass ship.

When the people in the vessel woke up and found the parrot gone, they gave chase to the glass ship. The captain of the vessel called down the rain, and it broke the glass ship; but the carpenter mended it, and the hunter fired at the rain and killed it. The captain called the lightning and it broke the ship, but the carpenter mended it again, and the hunter fired at and killed the lightning. So they reached the land and took the parrot to the chief's son and said: 'Here is your father's parrot.'

The lad was so glad to receive it that he told them to select what they liked from his wealth, 'even to the wonderful fowl which lays money or anything else you desire.' They chose the fowl and went their way, but then the wizard said: 'It is my fowl, for I told you where the parrot was.' The thief said: 'No, it is mine, for I stole the parrot from the vessel.' And the carpenter also claimed it, as he had twice mended the broken ship. Moreover, the hunter said: 'Of course it is mine, for I killed the rain and the lightning.'

Thus they argued long and angrily, and as they could not agree, they at last did a thing that was amazingly stupid. They killed the wonderful fowl, and divided it into four pieces, each taking his share.

Who out of these four foolish ones should have had the fowl? That is a question Congo boys argue about for a long time. What answer would 'you' give?

LITTLE FOLKS

The Poor Mouse Child.

Good children are tucked up in bed
  Where bears and lions cannot find them
But little mice who live outdoors
  Must keep a sharp lookout behind them.

They always have to be afraid—
  The first thing that their mammas teach them—
For them the night is full of Things
  With dreadful claws and paws to reach them.

Now aren't you glad you are so big
  That cats don't put you in a hurry?
A mouse child is so very small,
  No wonder that its parents worry!

—Selected.

'ONE LOVED HER SO MUCH HE KISSED HER ON THE CHIN.'

Big Brother's Tent.

(Frances Margaret Fox; in the 'Child's Hour.')

Big Brother was fourteen years old; so old that Harriet couldn't keep track of his age on her fingers without much trouble. Richard was ten: that was easy; even baby Alice knew she had ten fingers, counting thumbs.

Big Brother knew a great deal more than Richard or Harriet, partly because you couldn't count his age on your fingers and partly because he always played with big boys and never, never bothered with little folks like Richard and Harriet.

Sometimes Richard pretended that he was too big to play with Harriet; but the truth is, he couldn't get along without her. Whenever Richard went to sea in a soap box and needed provisions for the voyage, did he go himself to the kitchen and ask Norah for cookies? Indeed he knew better. Norah used to say, 'Oh, go 'long wid you.'

In such cases Captain Richard commanded sailor Harriet to obtain the cookies. Harriet usually pretended to swim into port, to the amusement of Norah, who gave her cookies, little cakes, or anything that happened to be proper for a sea voyage.

Even mother was more apt to say 'Yes' when Harriet asked a favor. You see, she was a good little girl, that Harriet. She tried to be good always. The neighbors used to say, 'You may trust little Harriet, she is honest as the sunshine.'

One Saturday, Richard and his particular friend Thomas decided to have a Wild West parade. They invited all little boys in the neighborhood to take part, with the understanding that each boy must provide an attraction for the parade.

Billy Perkins was to lead the procession because his mother promised to lend him their old music-box. He was to march behind the music-box to keep it wound up, while his two little sisters, decorated with plumes, were to draw the cart which held the brass band. The boys referred to the music-box as the 'Brass band' every time it was mentioned.

Little Johnnie Sheldon was allowed a place in the parade because he owned a pet hen that would follow him wherever he went. The crossest man couldn't keep from laughing at the sight of a small plump boy, walking along the sidewalk in front of his house, followed by a slim, high-stepping hen.

The Jennings' parrot, the Austins' peacock, Alfred Brown's St. Bernard, and cats of all colors were to appear in the parade. Several boys who had no pets were to represent Indian chiefs. Archie Caswell's Aunt Ada offered to dress him as the 'Wild Man of Borneo.'

'I wish we could have the puppies for cinnamon bears,' Richard remarked in a pompous manner. As manager of the great parade he felt extremely important. He seemed to forget that Harriet could count his age on her fingers, because he put on a grand air and invited Big Brother to take part in the parade as keeper of four brown bears. Big Brother, being fourteen years old, laughed scornfully at the idea.

'Then let me take the puppies just for this once,' besought Richard.

'Oh, it's the puppies you're after, is it?' Big Brother responded in 'Fe-fi-fo-fum' tones. 'No, I wouldn't trust them to your care. You must remember, little feller, those are not common puppies to be mauled around: they are high bred animals worth five dollars a-piece.'

Richard remembered. He knew it was useless to say more to Big Brother about lending the puppies; he knew, too, why Big Brother took such uncommon care of the precious creatures.

Every summer when the family went to the mountains they lived two months in a cottage. Big Brother, from the time you could count his age on one hand, wished to camp out in a tent. Finally he decided to own a tent. Evening after evening when baby Alice was asleep, Big Brother used to tell Richard and Harriet wonderful stories about men who lived in tents. For some reason Big Brother never managed to save money enough to buy a tent of his own. When four orphan puppies were given to him, however, he began sending for tent catalogues. 'Sell the puppies, buy a tent!' became Big Brother's daily speech. It sounded easy, but for some reason no one was found willing to pay five dollars for a small brown puppy.

The longer Richard thought that Saturday, how necessary it was to have four brown bears in the procession, the

more he wished for the puppies. At last he thought of a plan.

'Harriet,' said he, 'you're most too little to be in the Wild West parade, and you can't be in it at all unless you get the puppies. Then you may be the keeper of the bears.'

Poor Harriet was dreadfully disappointed. Big Brother found her on the back door-step, crying.

'Why, look here,' he suggested, 'I would trust you with the puppies. I'll put slats on a box so you may have a cage for the bears. I'll nail the box on Richard's old cart so it won't slide.'

Thus it happened that four brown bears who loved their keeper—one loved her so much he kissed her on the chin—four brown bears were in the wonderful parade. It happened also, that a man who wished to give a puppy to his four little nephews offered to exchange a tent for the bears. That tent was almost good as new!

This isn't really the end of the story, because it is only the beginning of the time when Big Brother owned a tent instead of four brown puppies.

If Teddy Hadn't Been Good

(Emma C. Dowd, in the 'Youth's Companion.')

If Teddy hadn't been good that day,
He wouldn't have gone to the fair;
If he hadn't gone he wouldn't have seen
The dear little girl dressed all in green,
Who made his acquaintance there.

If he hadn't met this dear little maid,
This maid with the big brown eyes,
He wouldn't have gone to her house at all,
And he wouldn't have slipped and had the fall
That brought him good Doctor Wyse.

If he hadn't had good Doctor Wyse,
Who cured him quick as could be,
We'd never have known his sailor son,
Who invited us all—yes, every one!—
To a journey across the sea.

Just think! What if Ted for a naughty hour
Had thrown that pleasure away!
And so, though for you there never may be
Such a wonderful voyage across the sea,
You'd better be good to-day!

Little Miss Fluffy.

One windy day a proud little hen was walking across the yard. The wind blew very hard and ruffed up her fine feathers. 'I don't like this at all,' she said. 'I will go and scratch in the garden bed.' Away she ran and flew right over the garden gate and began to scratch in the sweet peas Mary had planted not long before. In a few minutes Mary ran into the garden and drove little Miss Fluffy out into the yard. 'What must I do?' said little hen. 'Fly away over the fence and play in the meadow,' said Mary. 'No, no, I will run down to the big pond and wade with the ducks,' said the little hen. 'Hush, hush, you foolish little hen, you can't wade. Your feet are made for walking,' said Mary. 'But I know I can wade,' she said, and off she ran and jumped in the pond. Her little head went right under the water, but a big fat duck who was good-natured pushed little hen back to the edge of the water. She jumped out and flew fast, over the meadow fence, saying as she went, 'Cackle! cackle! cackle! Ducks can wade, but little hens must walk or fly.'—'Child's Hour.'

—From 'Darton's Leading Strings.'

DINNER AHEAD MAKES EVEN A STUBBORN DONKEY PULL.

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Have you sent your entry for the Camera Contest, which closes on August 1st?

The Competition is for the most interesting picture.

Artistic merit will, of course, be considered, but the general interest of the photograph will be the chief factor in the contest.

There will be seven prizes as follows: 1st, $10.00; 2nd, $7.00, 3rd, $4.00; and the next four, $1.00 each.

Send prints, which need not be mounted, as early as possible, securely protected by cardboard, and enclose a slip with a full description of the subject of the photograph.

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Agents for the 'Canadian Pictorial.'

Temperance.

What to Drink.

The lily drinks the sunlight,
The primrose drinks the dew,
The cowslip sips the running brook,
The hyacinth heaven's blue.

The peaches quaff the dawnlight,
The pears the autumn noon,
The apple blossoms drink the rain
And the first warm air of June.

The wind-flower and the violet
Draw in the April breeze,
And sun, and rain, and hurricane
Are the tipple of the trees.

But not a bud or greenling,
From the hyssop on the wall
To the cedars of Mount Lebanon,
Is steeped in alcohol.

From all earth's emerald basin,
From the blue sky's sapphire bowl,
No living thing or root or wing
Partakes that deadly dole.

I'll quaff the lily's nectar,
I'll sip at the cowslip's cup,
I'll drink the shower, the sun, the breeze,
But never a poisoned drop.

—Selected.

The Yellow Flag.

(A. B. Richmond, in the 'Busy Day Leaflet.')

A few years ago I was passing along a street in one of our large cities, when I came to a barricade erected across the sidewalk. I observed a yellow flag suspended from a house adjoining. I asked a policeman what it meant. He said they had a dangerous and infectious disease in the house, and the flag was to give notice of that fact to the public, and that the barricade was to prevent persons from passing the infected premises. He also stated that it was done by order of the City Council: and in my rural simplicity I thought, 'How well the city is governed; how careful the city fathers are of the health of their children and of the strangers who sojourn in their midst.' I retraced my steps and took another street.

While walking along and thinking of the excellent sanitary regulations of the city, I noticed ahead of me a red flag suspended over a door that opened on the street. Remembering the yellow flag and its object, I naturally concluded that here was another warning, and that an infection most dangerous and deadly was lurking in ambush beneath the folds of the red flag. Approaching nearer, I discovered that I was correct in my suspicions, for I read upon its surface these words, in gilt letters: 'Fancy Drinks and Choice Liquors.' I also observed the words 'Walk in,' on the flag; and seeing another guardian of the peace near me, I approached him and asked him what the flag meant. I informed him that I had just seen a yellow flag, and wondered if this red one was also a warning to the public of the dangerous proximity of disease and death. The city watchdog looked at me for a moment with the most unbounded astonishment and inquired, 'Where you from? Can't you read? Don't you see it's a sign of a drinking saloon?' I informed the gentlemanly official that I was a stranger in the city from an extremely rural district, and did not always fully comprehend all I saw or heard. Seeing my benighted condition he softened in his manner, and informed me of the nature of a drinking saloon. He said it was licensed by the City Council, that there were a couple of hundred in the city, and that a large revenue was derived from the sale of the licenses. I inquired who paid the cost of prosecuting the criminals who became intoxicated at these saloons, and, while under the influence of the liquor there obtained, committed the many crimes the history of which was published in the daily papers. He looked surprised, and I continued:

'Don't you know, my friend, that beneath that flag lurks disease more fatal and death more certain than beneath the flag of yellow? Don't you know that the disease here engendered ruins a man, soul and body, brings want and poverty to his wife and children? Why does the city barricade the street and hang out a yellow flag to warn people of their danger yonder, while here men are invited to drink and die?'

The man with a star on his breast quietly remarked, 'Say, stranger, ain't you a lunatic escaped from some asylum? Ain't your friends looking for you, and offering a reward for your recovery?' I passed on, discovering that the seed I had sown had fallen on very stony ground. The officer looked after me until I hastily turned the first corner, and I have no doubt but that to this day, whenever he hears of an escape from a lunatic asylum he firmly believes that he might have pocketted the reward by my arrest.

The Influence of the Moderate Drinker.

(L. D. Mason, M.D., in the 'National Advocate,' March, 1909.)

There is a moral side to this question. The greater the character, respectability, and influence of the moderate drinker, the more powerful his example for evil, for he is practically advancing and advocating the fallacious theory that the use of alcoholic beverages in moderation is safe, healthful, and respectable, and thus leading the young and inexperienced into fatal error. 'No one liveth to himself.' The conscientious moderate drinker should be moved to this consideration, 'How many, by my silent example and influence, have become immoderate drinkers or drunkards?'

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2262.—Boys' Russian suit, consisting of a blouse closed at right side of front, and Knickerbockers. Four sizes—2 to 5 years. For 3 years, the suit requires 3 yards of material 27 inches wide, 2⅜ yards 36 inches wide, or 1⅝ yard 54 inches wide.

2047.—Girl's and Child's one-piece apron.—Six sizes—2 to 12 years. For 8 years, the apron requires 1¾ yard 27 inches wide or 1⅛ yard 36 inches wide.

Always give the size wanted as well as number of the pattern, and mention the name of the design or else cut out the illustration and send with the order. Price of each number 10 cents (stamps or postal note). The following form will prove useful:—

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Be sure to give your name and address clearly.

Address all orders to:—'Northern Messenger' Pattern Dept., 'Witness' Block, Montreal.

Frozen Souffle.

Put three tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar into a saucepan with the yolks of six eggs and whip slowly, warming the pan over hot water meanwhile. When whipped to a thick froth remove and cool the saucepan. Whip a pint of cream to a stiff froth and fold it gently into the eggs and sugar; then add carefully a dozen lady-fingers cut in small pieces. Turn into a mold which has been wet with ice water, cover it closely, binding a strip of buttered cloth around the seam and imbed it in ice and salt and let it stand for at least two hours. It is a good idea to make this dessert when making a white cake, being a nice way to use up the yolks while they are fresh and giving you both a cake and delicious dessert.

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Graham Gems.

Into a pint of warm milk whip three unbeaten eggs, one tablespoonful of melted butter, one level tablespoonful of sugar, half teaspoonful of salt. Gradually stir in a cup and a half of Graham flour and beat hard for several minutes. Sift one teaspoonful of cream of tartar into half a cup of flour and sift the flour then into the mixture. One-half teaspoonful of soda dissolved in one tablespoonful of boiling water is added last and beaten in thoroughly. Have the muffin pans hot and well greased and bake in a very hot oven.—'Chicago Record.'

A Grain of Sand.

(Charles P. Cleaves, in 'Forward.')

(Concluded.)

I had heard such stories before, but I knew she was not one of those who would seek charity. So I begged her to accept the gift of a suit, out of several given me for distribution. I wanted to see what would happen.

This is what happened. Ned attended church two Sundays—no more.

'What is the season?' I asked the deacon one day, telling my story of the clothing, in confidence. He was a discreet, kindly man.

'Oh, I don't know,' he said. 'I wouldn't want to say Ned is lazy. But he does lack pluck.'

Ned's 'fair chance' seemed to open at last. The confectioner needed help, and Ned took the position. I thought he did well. He was interested in keeping the store tidy, and was polite to customers. But one day I missed him.

'Where's Ned?' I asked.

'Ned's not here. At home, sucking his thumbs, perhaps,' was the short reply.

'What's the matter?'

'He was too slow for me.'

'Slow and sure,' I thought to myself, for I disliked to drop the faith I was gaining in him. But there seemed little hope. I talked with him kindly and tried to gain his confidence, but he was quiet and almost dumb. I gave him magazines, but never felt certain he read them.

'Ned's a queer boy,' I said to my wife. 'Why can't he talk? He hasn't a better friend than I. But I don't know what to do for him.'

One thing I noticed with satisfaction. I never heard Ned's name linked with reports of vice or disorder. I saw him frequently among young men and boys whose influence I feared. He was not safe, surely. Certainly they did him no good; why, apparently, no harm? It was not mere idleness, for the merely idle mind is sure to drift to sin.

One night I sat in my study with doors opened through the hall, looking at the last glow of the fading sunset, and feeling sad-hearted at the unsual drunkenness and disorder that had broken out among the factory hands. This was in a State where the law prohibited liquor-selling, and who sold it was a mystery—to me. As the sky paled and the room darkened, my heart grew sadder. The stars came out like interrogation points, as if asking, 'Who is it? What can be done?'

Steps came up the walk, and Ned Stark came in. It was long since he had been in my study, and I gripped his hand.

Synopsis of Canadian Northwest Land Regulations.

ANY person who is the sole head of a family, or any male over 18 years old, may homestead a quarter-section of available Dominion land in Manitoba, Saskatchewan or Alberta. The applicant must appear in person at the Dominion Lands Agency or Sub-Agency for the district. Entry by proxy may be made at any agency, on certain conditions, by father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister of intending homesteader.

Duties. — Six months' residence upon and cultivation of the land in each of three years. A homesteader may live within nine miles of his homestead on a farm of at least 80 acres solely owned and occupied by him or by his father, mother, son, daughter, brother or sister.

In certain districts a homesteader in good standing may pre-empt a quarter section alongside his homestead. Price $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of six years from date of homestead entry (including the time required to earn homestead patent), and cultivate fifty acres extra.

A homesteader who has exhausted his homestead right and cannot obtain a pre-emption may take a purchased homestead in certain districts. Price, $3.00 per acre. Duties—Must reside six months in each of three years, cultivate fifty acres and erect a house worth $300.00.

W. W. CORY,
Deputy of the Minister of the Interior.

N.B.—Unauthorized publication of this advertisement will not be paid for.

'I came to say good-by, Mr. Carroll. You've been good to me.'

'Why, Ned, what's up? Where are you going?'

'To Norogo. Dr. Tee has influence there at the State college, and he has found me a chance to work on the milk farm. He says I can't study much till my eyes are better, but I shall get better now, and the farm will be good for me.'

I sat down in my chair. I leaned backward and stared.

'Well, Ned, is your tongue loosed at last? Tell me more!'

He was dumb again.

'Ned,' I said more quietly, 'will you answer some questions for me?'

'I'll try, sir.'

'You spoke about your eyes. Have they been troubling you? I knew Dr. Tee was in town. Have you visited him?'

'Yes, sir. I have my glasses now.'

'Ah, I see. Have your eyes troubled you long?'

'I've had headaches, sir. It was mostly when I tried to read, so I left school; but 'twas the same when I ran the looms. I couldn't talk about it. Folks laughed.'

Then I hurled questions at him thick and fast, till I had a long story—too long to tell. After we had talked of the future and had knelt in prayer, and as I was about to bid him good-by, I said:—

'Ned, one question more. I ask it to help your future. Do you know why you lost your job at the store?'

'Yes, sir; and I might as well tell you for the sake of the boys. Frost was handling liquor, and I said I wouldn't sell it. He said go.'

Chocolate Cake.

One-half cup (scant) butter, creamed, one cup sugar, two eggs, whites and yolks beaten separately, one-half cup sweet milk, two cups flour, three teaspoonful baking powder. Boil together not quite one quarter cake chocolate grated, one-half cup milk, yolk of one egg, one cup sugar and one teaspoonful vanilla. When cool add to the above mixture. Bake in jelly tins and put boiled icing between the layers

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